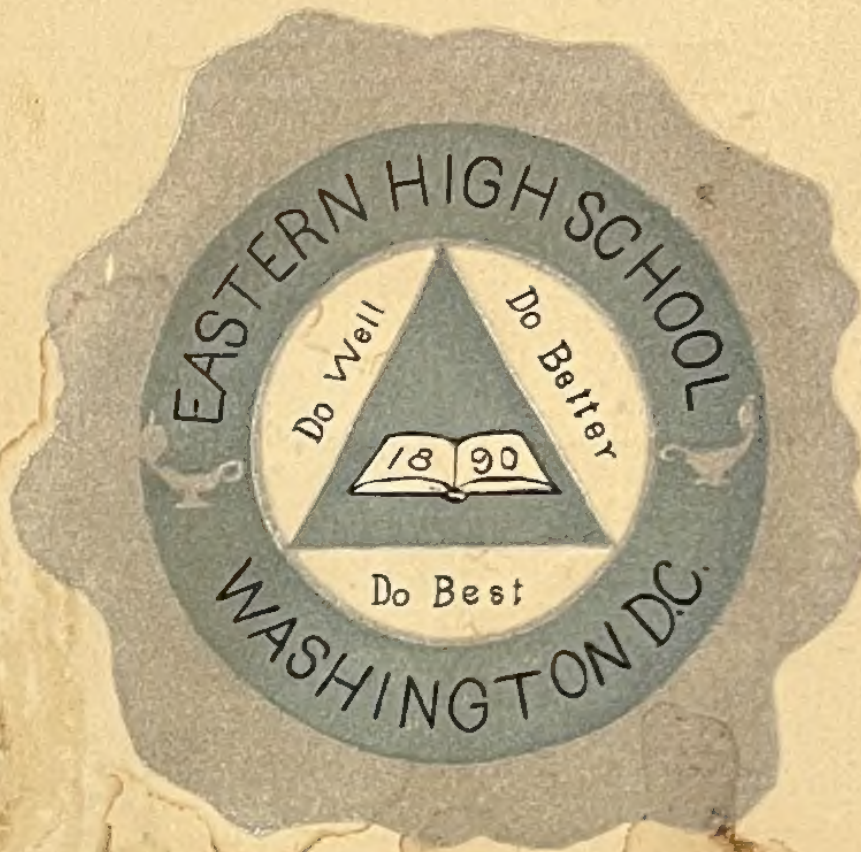


1910

THE EAS TERNER



Vol. 13.

No. 2 -

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bells,
By which his coming everichon foretells.
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The Christmas spirit then hold ever-
ichon;
It is a tyme of good and holy chere,
The birthdaye of the Christ childe now
so dere.

R. LEAH AYLER, 5A.

The Easterner

The Easterner

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Vol. 13.

Washington D. C.

No 2.

THE EASTERNER is a quarterly paper devoted to the interests of the Eastern High School, its faculty, alumni, and students.

Literary contributions, which should be written on but one side of the paper and addressed to the Editor, are solicited from all.

Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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Editorials.

Although Eastern is the smallest high school in Washington in quantity, still it is by no means the smallest in quality. Eastern does not turn out championship football or baseball teams, for there quantity is needed, but she has always maintained one of the highest ranks in the high schools in debating and in obtaining scholarships, for there quality is demanded.

In one respect we have never followed the example of the other schools; that is, in the organization of an orchestra. That we have the material was quite evident at the company feed. We know that Mr. Bradley, '12, would be more than glad to undertake to start an orchestra this year if the musical students would help him. Now the time is ripe for you musicians to show where the quality in Eastern lies and help organize an orchestra.

Football

[Extract from *Tuft's Weekly*.]

There is a fatal notion about the country that to be a man you must beat your neighbor. The Frenchman makes diabolism an art, the Englishman and American, their game a battle. Who was it who said: "When three men stand together the kingdoms are less by three." Football and baseball ought to be made to include more players. I mean there ought to be more teams and more men playing. Football is not brutal because men are sometimes injured, and now and then a man is killed. It is brutal because it is an entertainment for the public. "Oh, lug him off," I heard a man say at a game—a cry in which the spirit is not different from that of Spanish women at a bull fight, calling for

more horses. I think it unlikely that a football game ever brutalized a man who played it. But it may brutalize thousands of men to whom it is nothing but a spectacle. Our public morals, which are our customs, and to be distinguished from personal ethics, regard with severest condemnation the bull fight of the Spaniard, and the more ancient gladiatorial combat of the Roman, but their ethics will not long remain distinct from the ethics of the football game, if football continues to supply increasing amusement for a sporting public. I agree with President Hamilton in his statement in the *Sunday Herald*, that football cultivates self-reliance and makes habits of quickness of thought and action. It does all this and more for the player, but not for the spectator. The game to-day exists for thousands more who do not play it and never have played it, than who do. At a school I know very well in England, St. Dunstan's, southeast of London, the headmaster will allow no boy to watch a game in which he is not playing, or has played the same day. Less football? No; more football, but no spectators; all play, nobody allowed to look on. If the game has value it will last.

School Spirit

Each year there are generally one or more editorials in *THE EASTERNER* knocking the school spirit at Eastern, but they seldom attempt to point out concrete examples of school spirit. What we propose to do is to show, in brief, where school spirit has recently been working.

We can see it in the work of the football players. It is true that there are boys

who ought to be knocked hard for not coming out to play, but at the same time the majority of those who played deserve the greatest of credit, for look at the odds they went up against. They knew when they started that they had to play heavy teams, with no chance of winning, but, yet, they worked hard and played just to keep old Eastern in athletics.

Of course, all of us see and commend the school spirit at the feeds, but how many think of the three or four who actually do the work? Few realize the work done in getting up a feed, but at the same time there are those who are always on hand to be grumbling about something. The girls and boys who planned the feed certainly do deserve thanks for their hard work.

Recently two cadets in Company F had occasion to show their school spirit. Fred Sanderson showed his school spirit when he waived his claim to the first sergeantcy in order to remain right guide of the company. The other cadet is Dan Roper. On account of his size, and, also, to remain corporal of the last squad in the company, he waived his claim to fifth sergeant. Surely, if all of the boys in the company worked with such spirit, there would be no doubt about F winning the flag next May.

In order to make the Christmas tree a success many of the students dropped their studies entirely, knowing at the time that they would have to be made up. If we look around we can see many examples of school spirit to be emulated by those who earnestly desire the success of the school in all its attainments.

Rip Van Winkle in 1930

Rip returned from his long snooze looking like a lawn that has just been watered. He made his way to the barber shop in the drill hall, kept by the Physiology Class, not only because it was shave-time for him, but also because he wanted to get a line on the monkey shines of the last twenty years. After he had been neatly tucked away in

the chair, and the tonsorial specialist had begun to run the miniature lawn mower across his cheek bone, he prepared to have a nice long gossip.

"Has that 1909 Thanksgiving number of THE EASTERNER come out yet?" he asked.

"Gets here to-morrow," replied the barber.

"Anybody graduated since I've been gone?"

"Nope."

"Does Pete Dailey get his hair cut here now?"

"Nope; he's bald-headed now."

"Is Sanderson still fat?"

"Nope; he's getting quite thin."

"Is Fischer as handsome as ever?"

"Yep."

"Does McCaffrey still stick to his original intention of studying for the ministry?"

"Sure."

"Has the team won any games yet?"

"Not yet, but we're going to put it on 'em all this year."

"Has Leland passed off his flunks yet?"

"Didn't know he ever flunked."

"Is poker still popular with the Seniors?"

"Sure, and they've raised the limit to 10 cents."

"Has Gravy gotten rid of his freckles yet?"

"No; why you wouldn't recognize him now, he's so covered with them."

"Has Whitney learned how to pitch yet?"

"Nope."

"Does Harrison still use the same brand of rouge?"

"You bet, and powder, too."

"Does Ed still go to see Dot?"

"Ha! Ha! They're married."

"Did Schwartz ever get an introduction to Elsie King?"

"Sure, and, goodness! now you'd think they had known each other all their lives, but, sh! Genevieve is jealous."

"That reminds me; has Pie still got an auto?"

"Oh, most of it."

"What ever became of Patsy Smith?"

"Why he's the lightweight champion of the world."

"Did Unger ever get to be Pope?"

"No, poor fellow, but he's secretary of the Treasury, though."

"Well, say, has anything really important happened here since 1910?"

"Only one thing as I know of, and that is, Miss Gardner passed everybody in English."

Silence for a few moments. The barber is now tickling Rip's upper lip and he does not consider it the psychological moment to gather any more information. At last he asked, "Say, would it be too much trouble for you to tell me whether Joe Herbert cleans his eyeglasses as often as ever?"

"No, poor fellow; he was standing in front of his mirror one day when it suddenly broke and some flying glass totally blinded him."

"Mr. Barber," sighed Rip. "You needn't shave the other side of my face; I'm going back to the hills."

Lord Royall's Speech in House of Lords on the Budget

(With Apologies to Burke.)

Sir: I arise with great trepidation to address the House on this most momentous question. I hope, sir, that the fact that I have only recently been made a member of this honorable body will not incline you to treat my proposition lightly, and that you will judge it on its merits alone.

During the past decade I have viewed with alarm the ever increasing expenses of the government, and the fact that the revenue has not increased in like proportion. I need not dwell upon the fact that to-day we are confronted with a deficit of \$78,000,000. From your action in the past few days I am sure that you appreciate this fact and are willing to view the question from every point before taking any action.

I have given the subject careful consideration and have come to the conclusion that there are only three ways of meeting this emergency. First, you can reduce the expenditures of the government and remove the cause. Second, you can increase the tariff and thus raise enough money to pay the deficit. Third, you can raise revenue by levying taxes on corporations, wealthy land owners, tobacco, liquor and similar articles.

The first of these plans, to decrease the expenditures of the government, I think is most like a systematic proceeding, but it is attended with great difficulties, some of them little short, as I conceive, of impossibilities. These will appear on a close examination of the plan.

The competition with Germany for the naval supremacy of the world is evidently the greatest source of expenditure. To lessen this expenditure materially would leave us a prey to the ambition of Germany. Therefore, to all patriotic Englishmen this plan is impossible.

True, we may decrease the expenditures in other quarters, but it can be seen by blunter discernments than yours that it is impracticable to decrease it enough to remove the deficit.

Since the first plan is unsatisfactory, let us examine the second, to make up for the deficit by increasing the tariff.

Our main source of revenue at present is the taxes levied on the working class of people. If we adopt this plan it will greatly increase the cost of grain, meat and other foods, and will virtually double the taxes on the people who are now paying the greater part of the government's expenses. Such a course is manifestly unfair, and I feel will be abandoned by the gentlemen who proposed it, when they consider the spirit of resistance which arises in all Englishmen when they are unjustly taxed.

If, then, the removal of the causes of the deficit is impracticable, if a higher tariff be unjust and to the highest degree inexpedient, what way yet remains? No way is open but the third and last,

to raise revenue by levying taxes on corporations, wealthy land owners, tobacco, liquor and similar articles.

I have in my hand a list of England's great land owners for the year 1908, and find that one-third of England is owned by six hundred men. These men are practically exempt from taxation; yet, we are draining our coffers to buy ships with which to protect their property.

My resolutions, therefore, mean to raise revenue by taxing those who are most able to pay it. I shall open the whole plan to you, together with such observations as may tend to illustrate them where they may want explanation. I therefore move you,

"That the wealthy people in England have not been bearing their just share of the expenses of the government."

The Try-Out

The Winsome Wonders sat upon a log and gazed pensively at the river. There were four winsome wonders, and they truly were worthy of their name. The little black-haired one on the end, Ethel Wood, and the next one, Bessie Law, were athletic stars—one, the tennis champion and the other, captain of the basketball team. The other two—Louise Cox and Margaret Black—were prominent for their work in the glee club and as class officers.

"Say, girls," drawled Ethel, whose lazy way of saying and doing things utterly deceived outsiders as to her athletic possibilities, "let's not work any more this term; let's just have a good time."

"That's what I think!" chimed in Bessie; "here it is the spring term of our last year; if we don't keep up our reputations this time we'll go out of college without any after all."

"Oh, I don't think yours will get thin and die away yet awhile," said Margaret, reassuringly, "after the stunt you two did yesterday. A regular official poster in the hall announcing that Miss Julia Marlowe would speak in chapel on 'the Elevating Influence of Shakespeare on the Theatre!' Mrs. Douglas was tearing around the halls with blood in her eye trying to find out who did it, and there was an expectant mob in the chapel. We knew you two must have done it, for no one else would have the nerve."

The two grinned with the proper mixture of pride and humility. They were

used to the elderly advice which the other two were fond of giving, but which on no account must be paid any attention to.

"The try-out for the Senior dramatics comes this afternoon, don't it?" mused Louise.

"Yes; I suppose Elsie James will get the leading part; she's talked of nothing else for the last two months. There'll be no living in the same house with her if she does; she will be so proud. Didn't I tell you, as I went past her room last night her door was partly open, and there she was, simpering and practicing before the mirror?"

"Kids!" Ethel fairly yelled, her face brightening. "Here's a stunt for this afternoon. Let's try out with the rest of the bunch. Oh, not seriously, you know," she went on as she read their blank, dismayed faces; "just to tire the man out, you know. Do the most exaggerated things you can. I'll give the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*." "Romeo, Romeo," she began tragically, but the rest of the wonders laughing excitedly pulled her down, and a moment later they were headed for Gray Hall.

As they stood out in the corridor waiting their turn in the mysterious room, Elsie James came tripping down the hall and stopped with lifted eyebrows and a very condescending smile at the sight of them.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to try for this sort of a thing?"

"Only for maid, Elsie," said Ethel, humbly, as the rest turned abruptly to look out of the window. "We thought some of us might get it, you know."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure it would be very nice to have you in, but you know experience counts for so much, and Mr. Castle is very particular, so don't be too disappointed if you don't get it," and she tripped off again.

Finally, with many giggles, Helen was ushered into the room and the other girls were off to classes, all agreeing to meet at the summer house at four to tell the results of their adventure.

"Don't let's go into the summer house," said Ethel, at four, sinking down upon the grass as she spoke. "Now I'm going to begin. You know he looked right hopeful as I went in and asked what part I was trying for. I said, 'leading lady' in a very modest tone, and he stalked around and blushed and said, 'Er—that seems to be a popular part; all the young ladies are trying for it.' Well, I did my Juliet stunt. I went into a box and leaned over the railing and I really was dramatic. I forgot now and then, but I just made things up. I didn't dare look at him while I was performing, and his face when I got done—well, he walked to the door suddenly and said, 'That will do,' in a sort of stifled tone and I ran!"

"I couldn't think of anything but Riley's 'I'm Been Visiting 'Bout a Week,' so I gave that," said Margaret, who was tall and stately. "When I finished, he said, 'You for leading lady, too?' and I murmured that I had thought of it. And I ran, too. Positively I was scared."

Bessie had spoken a missionary piece she learned in infancy and Louise gave a pantomime—"Sewing on a button kids, and I made it awfully long." So with laughter and clever imitations of the distressed director, they talked until the supper gong sounded faintly over the campus, and then they raced across to their dormitory.

About eight that evening the Winsome Wonders were strewn about Bessie's

room sampling freely a box of candy Margaret's "man" had just sent. There was a knock at the door, and the maid entered with a note for Bessie, and seeing the other three, produced notes for each of them. There was silence for an instant, then four exclamations, then each girl looked at each other and began to laugh.

"It must be a joke! But who knew? It's a man's writing. Report for practice to-morrow at four. And I'm cast for leading man after my sentimental Juliet," gasped Ethel hysterically, diving among the cushions of the couch.

"And I'm leading lady after my Riley poem," sobbed Margaret. "Oh! isn't it too rich." "And I am clown, thanks to the pantomime," said Louise, wiping her eyes, "and Bessie," she seized the note, for Bessie was speechless by this time—"is maid! Oh, my darlings, the work we must do!"

The campus was brilliant with class day visitors and every one was discussing the Senior play, just over.

"A very clever little play," announced a pompous father to a pretty Senior in cap and gown, who was steering him around. "Very clever. That leading man, now, he was capital, and the clown and maid—they got in some clever by-play, didn't they? And what a pretty leading lady."

"They're all great girls!" declared the Senior, enthusiastically. "They can just do everything; how they have worked on this. They are completely tired out with it all, too. We met them last night coming home from rehearsal, and they were so cross and tired they wouldn't speak to anyone."

Back by the improvised tent dressing room the Wonders were being congratulated by the much abused, patient director, Mr. Castle.

"My dear young ladies," he said, "it was perfect; it went beyond my expectations. I am delighted, delighted, with my choice in the first place."

"But, tell us," burst forth Ethel, impulsively, "how did you ever come to choose us? We weren't really trying.

We hadn't any idea of getting in."

Mr. Castle looked around at them all and laughed, as he saw they had the grace to blush.

"My dear young ladies," he said, "I

was in the summer house late on the afternoon of the try-out, and held a second try-out, though the actors didn't know it."

F. M. LITTLE, 1B.

Graduation in a Theatre

(With apologies to Burke.)

When I first entered upon my senior year the subject of how and where to graduate was immediately brought before us. This great deliberation interested me. I was obliged to form some fixed ideas concerning it, and I have continued ever since in those opinions.

The plan which I shall presume to suggest derives, however, one great advantage from the action taken by the class—separate graduation.

The question on which you must now decide is where the exercises shall be held. As far as I am capable of discerning, there are but two places which are obtainable. These are the assembly hall at this school and a theater.

The first of these places, the assembly hall in this building, I think to be the most reasonable, if you look at the expenses alone, but it is attended with great objections. This will appear by examining the greatest of them.

The first question, one which caused the class to vote for a separate graduation, is, "How many seats will each receive for his friends?" There are only four hundred seats in this hall, and with a few over seventy graduates it would leave no more seats, if as many, for each student as he would receive in a united graduation.

With regard to the feeling toward this hall, some object. It is known to all that these exercises are a great step in our lives. This place of assembly carries with it memories, some pleasant and a few otherwise. And many members

of the class think, since this is such an important step, it should take place not in a place with some unpleasant memories, but in new and pleasant surroundings.

If, then, this first possibility is shown to be objectionable, what way remains? No way is open but the second and last—to hold it in a public place, which means a theater.

The objection of price is a conjecture. The National Theater can be rented for one hundred dollars, which, with seventy-five graduates, would tax each one only a little over one dollar and a quarter, which does not appear too much even with the other senior expenses.

The seating capacity which is an objection to the first, is removed, for the National seats seventeen hundred people and that would leave to each member of the class twenty-two seats for his friends. This proof is so convincing of the fact that the theater is the better place, that there is no cause to exaggerate.

This makes up the fundamental reasons for my plan. The conclusion is irresistible. You cannot say it is not the best place in which to hold a separate graduation. Neither is it true, that there will not be enough seats, or that it will cost too much. I therefore move you, That the graduating exercises of the Eastern High School will prove more beneficial if held in a theater than the mode hitherto practiced.

HAZEL HUNT, 7B.

School Happenings

Here we are well launched upon the school year, and, oh! so much has happened! We have had plenty of good hard work, but we have also had much pleasure. The older members of the school are getting back into the school ways, and the Freshmen have at last become accustomed to the ways of the school, and no longer shake or shudder when they are spoken to by a teacher. In fact they have grown bold and make as much, if not more, fuss in the study hall than the other classes. So it is easily seen that much progress has been made.

TALKS.

On November 25, Miss Ward gave the second of the series of talks to be given by the Senior Class. Miss Ward spoke on the "Execution of Francisco Ferrer." She told us that immediately upon the execution all Europe was in a turmoil, protesting against the murder of a patriot, and condemning the state and church as equally guilty in the crime. Every European country felt the influence of Spain's act. The labor unions were in sympathy with Ferrer and strikes were declared in many large cities of Europe. The American Federation of Labor in Washington passed resolutions denouncing the execution and ranking Ferrer among the world's martyrs. This execution is a crisis in the affairs of Spain and we hope that it will benefit the sorely tried people. I am sure that all agree that it was a very interesting and enlightening talk.

On December 2, Miss Freeman spoke on the "Hookworm." She told us of this terrible disease, which prevails among the poor white and negroes of the far South. This disease has a terrible effect on the people, and it has caused them to develop the terrible habit of eating dirt. They are very much ashamed of this habit, but it seems that nothing else will quite satisfy them. Much is being done to help these poor people, but the disease has a strong hold on them and it is rapidly spreading. It is hoped, however, that something will soon be ac-

complished in the way of relief. We were all very much benefited by Miss Freeman's splendid speech.

On December 9, Mr. Luckett gave an exceedingly interesting account of the discovery of the North Pole. He told us that this discovery began with a dash and ended with a question mark. He only considered the dash, as he did not have the temerity to consider the question mark. Mr. Luckett traced the expedition of Dr. Cook, as well as that of Commander Peary. He then gave an interesting account of the life of the Esquimoos, and ended leaving the audience to decide for themselves as to the discoverer. Mr. Luckett treated the subject with so much tact that he neither leaned toward one explorer or the other.

The following week, on December 16, Lieutenant Royall spoke to the school on the "Crisis in the British Government." Mr. Royall told us that the outcome of this affair may determine whether the House of Lords shall exist in the future as a legislative body, and that it will be memorable in the parliamentary annals of Great Britain. "Viewing the subject from every point of view," he said, "there seems to be serious trouble ahead for England no matter what course the people may take. During the next three months events of historic importance will take place." It is seldom that we have so good an opportunity to watch history in the making; so take advantage of it. Bear in mind what Mr. Royall has told you.

On Thursday morning, January 6, 1910, Miss Lufrio gave a very interesting account of the Nicaraguan situation. She stated that the trouble was caused by the execution of two Americans named Cannon and Groce, in the revolutionary forces. They had incurred the enmity of President Zelaya by their opposition to his government and when they were captured by government forces he had them executed without a fair trial. The United States immediately demanded an explanation and as a result of the stand taken by Secretary Knox, Zelaya was forced to resign.

FACULTY NOTES.

Dr. Small has recently been made one of the directors of the Board of Charities.

Miss Johnson wrote an essay on "Virgil's Debt to the Hecuba and Troades of Euripides" for her Greek professor at Columbia University, and it has been recently published in the *Classical Weekly*. In this essay Miss Johnson draws a close parallel between Virgil and Euripides, shows their similar natures, and quotes parallel lines. I think many of her present and former pupils will be pleased to read this article.

Dr. Johnson is no longer with us. This fact has caused much regret in his classes, for they had all grown very fond of him. Miss Merrill is now filling his place.

Dr. Rothermel, our well-known physics teacher, was married on Wednesday, December 22, to Miss Alice Roach, of this city. Mr. Wallis was one of the ushers. Many of the teachers and pupils attended the wedding, which was held in St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Dr. and Mrs. Rothermel went to Atlantic City on their wedding trip. They will be at home after February 1, at 1450 Girard Street.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

On Wednesday, November 17, the members of the Senior Class held their first meeting. The purpose of this meeting was to elect the four class officers, and the members of the pin committee. The elections were as follows: President, Mr. Harrison; vice president, Miss Palmer; secretary, Miss Breuninger, and treasurer, Mr. Roper. Mr. Nottingham was elected chairman of pin committee and the Misses Kerr, Thonnsen, and Browning and Mr. Woodfield were the other members.

On Wednesday, November 24, a second meeting of the class was held to decide whether graduating exercises should be held with the other schools or separately. They decided in favor of the latter. They decided in favor of the latter. A committee was then appointed to find out the cost of the different theaters, and

to find out the seating capacity of the Assembly Hall. This committee consisted of Misses Hall and Frizzell and Messrs. Babcock, Woodfield and McAllister. A class motto committee was also appointed.

On Wednesday, December 1, the class met and selected its pin.

Christmas Festivities

This year we did not have a play, as in previous years. Instead we celebrated our Christmas in a way that gave everyone a good time. About 1 o'clock the three bells for the Assembly Hall rang, and all the classes proceeded thither. The curtains were drawn and everyone was very much excited to see what that vast amount of darkness contained. The exercises began by the school singing two or three carols from the well-known "Laurel Song Book." Miss Gude then recited the following poem, written by Frank Woodfield of the Senior Class:

"A CHRISTMAS WELCOME."

Santa Claus and Christmas trees
Come 'round but once a year,
So throw away all sick'ning care
And join in fun and cheer.

Forget the marks of Father Time
In Christmas and its joys,
And be just what you used to be,
Just little girls and boys.

So come, ye classmates, one and all,
And come ye teachers, too,
And see what Santa's left for us
Beneath this tree of yew.

For some he's left a fife and drum,
For some there are doll-ies,
But everything he's left for us
I know will surely please.

The curtains were then drawn and several members of the Senior Class assisted by Mr. Schwartz, who took the role of Santa Claus, sang a very amusing little Christmas song. Mr. Schwartz looked so much like Santa Claus that

even his own pupils were hardly able to recognize him. After this little song came the real fun of the occasion; that is, the distribution of the various gifts. Every member of the school received at least one present and some of the most popular two or three. All the members of the faculty were remembered. Miss Johnson's favorite present was a dog. Misses McColm and Gardner each received dear little lambs, so that they might always have their "Wooley" handy. In fact most everyone received a very appropriate remembrance. Everyone voted the "Christmas Tree" a success. The Christmas tree used on this occasion was from Maine, and was donated by Captain J. T. Hollenberger. The school wishes to thank Captain Hollenberger for this beautiful tree and for the electric lights used in its decoration.

The school also wishes to thank Messrs. Woodfield, F. Sanderson and F. Donn for their faithful work in putting up and trimming the tree.

Many of the Alumni visited "Old Eastern" during the holidays. On the Thursday before Christmas we were pleased to see many of the members of the Normal School. Other visitors who were present were the Misses Donn, De-

fandorf, Taylor, Winslow, Robertson, Roper, and Messrs. Linthicum, Papson, Field, Potter, McCoy, Ransom, Farmer, Priest, Andrew Brown, Thompson. Most of them were present at the Christmas festivities.

Dances

On Saturday evening, November 27, Miss Pearson of the Senior Class, gave a dance at her home in honor of her guest, Miss Phillips, of Baltimore. Many of the members of her class attended and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

On Wednesday, December 22, a dance was given by the Sophomores in Donohoe's Hall. About twenty-five couples attended. Every one had such a good time that it is very likely that a similar affair will be given by this class before the close of the school year.

On Monday, December 27, Miss Tegele, of the Senior Class, gave a dance at her home. A few from Eastern were present, and all spent a very enjoyable evening.

On Thursday, December 23, a dance was given by the Juniors at Aker's. About fifty were present and everyone voted the evening a success.

The Bridegroom

At this scole is a techer war and wyse,
That hath a bride seyde to be yong and
nyce.

If somdel I sholde telle of his manere
And eek, perchance, describe to you his
chere,

You'll gesse who is the subject of my
tale.

His heed is somdel balled, his ye is
smale.

At heed of steps he stands for evermo
To show the way 'tis mete for us to go.
And wo to him that comes un the wrong
waye

"The other steps," it is his wont to seye.

FREDERICKA NEUMANN, 5A.

Gravy

In Compaignye F a sergeant was,
Lyk him in this world I dar seyn ther
nas.

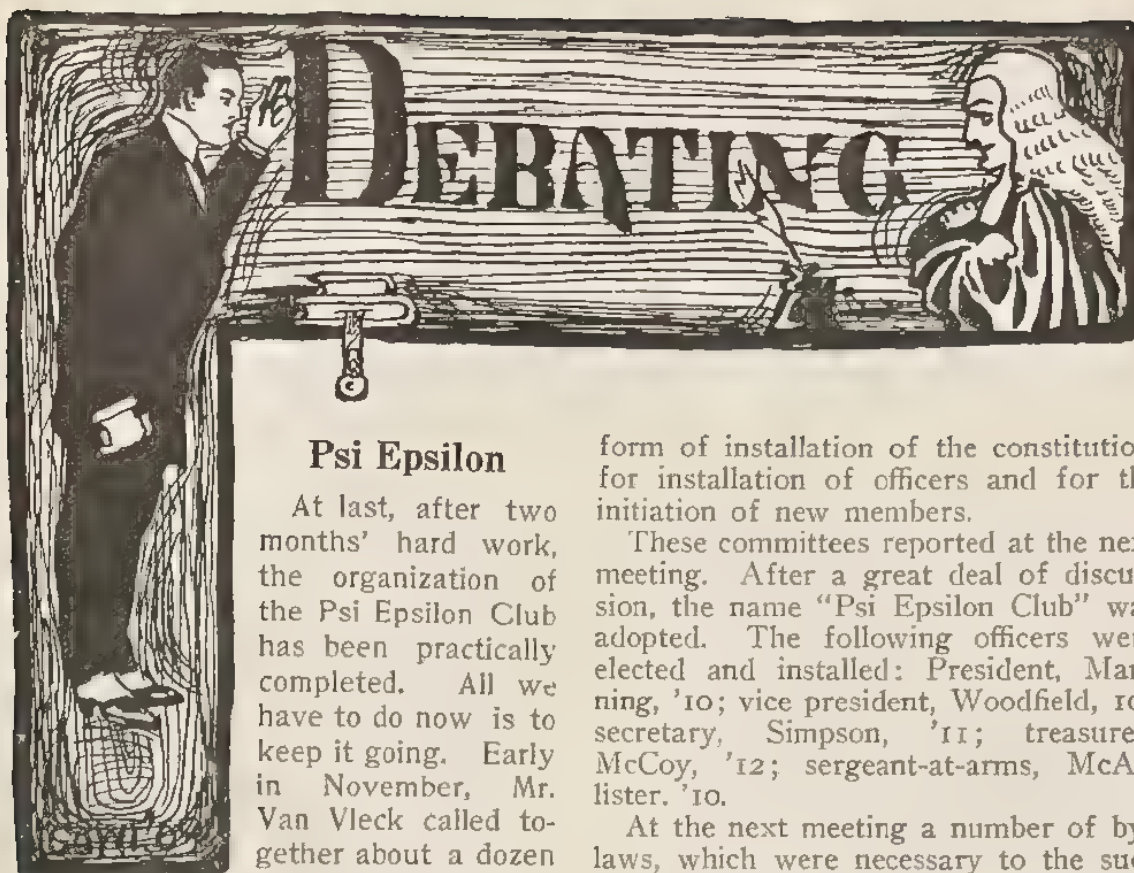
His wisdom far had spread, and he had
wonne

Many a prys; glorie, neded he nonne.
A handsom wight, as alleful ofte say;
The scolers loketh at him al the day.

Ther drilleth non bettre than he, nat
nevere.

Coy he appered in uniform and gere;
No one wold mete he wold cruel fighte.
"Gravy" was this gentil sergeant highte.

F. S. WILSON, 5A.



Psi Epsilon

At last, after two months' hard work, the organization of the Psi Epsilon Club has been practically completed. All we have to do now is to keep it going. Early in November, Mr. Van Vleck called together about a dozen boys who had been interested in the Students' Congress last year and had a heart-to-heart talk with them over the prospects in boy's debating for this year. All realized that the Students' Congress had been a first class "fizzle," and were anxious to form a successful society this year. After the matter had been discussed informally, Mr. Van Vleck took the chair and called for nominations for temporary chairman and temporary secretary. Manning, '10, was elected temporary chairman, and McCoy, '12, was elected temporary secretary. A committee consisting of Reeder, '11, Simpson, '11, and McCoy, '12, was elected to draw up a constitution.

The trial debates interfered and the next meeting was not held until several weeks later. The constitution proposed by the committee, with a few minor changes, was accepted by the society. Truitt, '10, and Dieserud, '11, were appointed to select a name, and other committees were appointed to draw up a

form of installation of the constitution, for installation of officers and for the initiation of new members.

These committees reported at the next meeting. After a great deal of discussion, the name "Psi Epsilon Club" was adopted. The following officers were elected and installed: President, Manning, '10; vice president, Woodfield, '10; secretary, Simpson, '11; treasurer, McCoy, '12; sergeant-at-arms, McAllister, '10.

At the next meeting a number of by-laws, which were necessary to the successful operation of the club, were passed. Twenty-two applications for membership were read by the chairman. The club has refused to limit its membership, so that any boy who wishes to become a member will have his application for membership considered by the club.

Those who are interested in the welfare of the club are gratified by the results thus far. The work of organization has been long and tiresome, but we think we have done it in such a way that it will not need to be done again. If we have done this we have accomplished a great deal. If we have laid the foundation for a successful debating society to continue at Eastern as long as there is such a school, we feel that we have accomplished that for which we worked, and our reward lies in the knowledge that we were among the charter members. From this time on we shall have business meetings only once a month and fill in the other Wednesdays with meet-

ings as a debating society, a literary society or a congress. But that no boy may be barred who desires to become a member, applications will be received and acted upon at every meeting.

The Philologists

On November 22, 1909, an "American Girl Program" was held by the members of the Philologist Club. The names of many American girls in fiction were given in answer to the roll call. Miss Jarboe then gave us a very fine description of the place which the American girl occupies in fiction, and also character sketches of some of the most prominent. A very interesting talk on the athletics of the American girl was given by Miss Hauke. An informal debate on the question, *Resolved*, "That the American girl is too independent," was held, and the sympathies of the society seemed to be with the negative. After some time was spent in arguing the pros and cons of the subject, the decision was given to the negative by a rising vote. Both Miss Evans, the leader on the affirmative, and Miss Strudley, the leader for the negative, deserve credit for their good work. After a most interesting talk on "The American Girl at Home and Abroad" by

Miss Newman, the meeting was adjourned.

Miss Evans, the secretary of the Philologist Club, gave a Thanksgiving party in its honor on Friday, November 26, 1909, at her home. Games were played and the Epsilon Phi Sigma song, composed by Miss Moyer, was sung. Every one had a most enjoyable time and thanks are due Miss Evans for the same.

The movement for an Alumni Association seems to be prospering. Letters have been received from many of the old members signifying their approval of the plan. This quotation from a letter written to the society by Miss Douglass, one of our ex-presidents, voices the feelings of the majority of the graduates: "I am so glad to feel that the Philologists wish to recognize their old members as still belonging to them in a way and let me assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to become identified with them. I am sure most of the old members would be glad to keep in touch with the society and would be glad to be recognized as a part of it. Owing to the difficulty of communicating with all the alumni, no plan has as yet been arranged for the meetings, but we hope that soon everything will be in good working order, and the Alumni Association to the Eastern Philologist Club an established fact."

Wisdom of a Sophomore

Say, fellows! Did you ever happen to notice that, although Eastern is the best kind of a school, taken as a whole, the several classes, considered by themselves, are the worst ever? Now don't think for a minute that I include in this somewhat general statement *all* the classes. If the high and altogether magnificent Seniors would but stoop to look upon the deeds of this class, if the superior-minded Juniors would only consider it worthy of notice, and if the cute little Kindergarteners would stop playing marbles for a moment and cast

their eyes upward toward the SOPHOMORES, this altogether deplorable condition would speedily be remedied.

And now, O Seniors, list to an absolutely unprejudiced appraisal of you and your deeds! Your faults are many, beloved elders, but nevertheless all is forgotten when we recall the glory and blinding radiance of a few of your members. What wonderful dignity of carriage and correctness of attire attend the presence of your most noble, theatrical, and operatic president! How cute and dainty do the little officers appear

in their uniforms! Girls, no wonder you cannot resist their fascinations! But, stop! We underclassmen should suppress all this levity in the presence of the mighty wits of the Senior Class. Where could we ever find the equal of Fischer, the universal jester and clown, or of any of his very competent assistants? And whence could come the like of the "little Major," whose jolly laughter is the veritable soul of the upper class? But tell us, mighty Seniors, why did you exclude our fair damsels from the late symposium? Was it because you were afraid that their radiant beauty might cast into the shade the charming of the Junior and Senior belles? Or, fair-Senioritas, was it from the fact that "Every lassie has her laddie; none, they say, have I"? Pray misinform us.

And you, proud Juniors, a moment please! Although you may excel in prowess and in feats of the field, please explain a few somewhat puzzling matters to an ignorant Sophomore. Why the fantastic headgear, O captain of the grid-iron? Is it the distinguishing mark of your high and honorable position? And why, O noble right guide, must your hat-band expand in accordance with the rank of your position? And, Oh, Miss Agriculturist, I do so admire the artistic arrangement of your golden tresses! But why, of all things, do you not reveal to others your marvellous secret, so that their hair, too, might rival that of Psyche herself?

And now, dear children, listen to a few bits of advice, which, if taken to heart, will go a great way toward teaching you to follow in the footsteps of your idolized Sophomores. Why cannot you

learn that the place for waste paper is not on the floor of the cloak room? If we could secure for you a couple of nice nurses who would teach you where such things belong, do you think it would improve matters? However, the place for waste paper is in those rather large tin cylinder affairs, which can be found in the cloak room and near the side entrance; and these, above all things, must not be upset. Most hefty heavyweight champion wrestler of Eastern High, you especially can well afford to take this to heart. And another thing, beloved Freshmen: It was not a very wise thing to do to put that yell in THE EASTERNER. Take example from this first misdemeanor and "Don't crow before you have some cause for crowing."

But, come to think of it, what a great class we Sophomores are! Where was there ever the equal of our little full-back and winner of medals, of our sprightly left halfback, or of our little and willowy center? Was there ever before seen, congregated in one class, such an assortment of men engaged in various professions as a Weaver, Taylor, Powdermaker, Smith, Cre(a)mer, etc.? What dancer, however great, could hope to equal Foster's exquisite performance of the Mexican "Salome," and who could possibly cope with Ramsey as the future hope of the theatrical world? And now that you see for yourselves what a wonderful set of fellows we Sophomores really are, let us all unite in yelling:

One and nine, one and two;
That's the year when we'll get through;
Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!
Sophomores, Sophomores!

DORLAN CREMER, '12.

Reflections of a Junior

Far be it from me to ridicule a Freshman, Sophomore, or Senior, so I will, with ungarnished facts, state their true condition, as compared with the Juniors. And the above three classes should not feel aggrieved at any odious comparison, for no one expects much of a Freshman,

Sophomore or Senior, while the universe awaits, with breathless expectancy, the latest exploits of the Juniors. We Juniors, in our all-pervading wisdom, make allowance for the other three classes, and are gently but firmly sorry for them. When they so far forget themselves as

to come to school, we willingly chastise them with any handy chastiser, be it brick, umbrella, or merely a book, if the book belongs to someone else.

First, the Freshman. The Freshman, having just passed the early stage of childhood, is a pitiful embodiment of awkward inexperience. When addressed he starts, and having no excuse for living, looks as if he had been caught stealing sheep. The Freshman is at his best when either asleep or dead. Long live Morpheus! It has lately been rumored that the school board, seeing the need of nursemaids for the Freshman classes in the Washington High Schools, have taken steps to provide for the same. But I will pass over such a painful subject with the appropriate quotation:

"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The Eastern Fresh is peculiar,
Which the same I have tried to explain."

Next comes the Sophomore, gruesome thought. The efforts of the most celebrated scientists have, as yet, been unsuccessful in discovering a remedy for the Sophomore disease, technically known as "Magnum Caput." The average Soph is a bone-headed individual whose chief ambition is "G" in English, and offensive ejaculations in foreign languages. He talks Latin in a way that would have made Cicero leave home. Having acquired a green necktie and a copy of "Angry Alfred, the Afghan Avenger, or another Autopsy over Algy's Anatomy," he aspires to nothing more harmful than turning the teachers' hair white, and spoiling the Egyptians' former neighbors, the Ethiopians. In his own estimation he is fully competent to write a scientific treatise, indexed and beautifully illustrated on "Psychological Instincts of the Dinosaur," while in reality he is eligible only for membership in the Honorable Order of Independent I-Am-Its. The Sophomores are the backbone of the school, which accounts for Eastern's recent case of spinal men-

ingitis. However, I will leave the Sophomore with this well known verse:

Company F's drill was slowly ending
In the Drill Hall, far below
Filling with ecstatic joy,
Heart and mind of private—
For he excelled in the manual;
Did his work, and did it well.
But to our amaze and horror,
His sky-piece had begun to swell.
Large and larger grew his coco,
'Till we murmured, all affright,
Gazing at the new found marvel;
"Sophomore's head will burst to-night."

Third. I will consider the Senior. This is the saddest case of all, for here we see the result of lost opportunities, the might-have-beens, who have reached their dotage. They wander aimlessly up and down the halls of Eastern, talking to themselves and playing childish jokes on one another. The only way a Senior can make an impression is by stepping on a piece of chewing gum, or a Freshman's head. But this subject brings tears to my eyes, and I deplore the lack of old folks retreats. That their jokes are harmless is shown below.

"How queer to their minds are the
pranks of their young days,
When sad reminiscence presents them
to view;
The studies, the hard work, the deep-
tangled book phrase,
And other strange fancies their in-
fancies knew.
The much beloved Latin, with a kind
teacher near them;
No bridge and no dances, a sad thing
to tell,
If they flunked in a study, an instructor
to queer them;
And e'en their cruel parents, their
spirits would quell.
The oaken headed Seniors, the old in-
firm Seniors,
The moss-covered Seniors who splash
the ink well."

And now we come to the discussion of the most perfect Junior, the leader of all classes. What is home without a

mother? Nay, rather should we say, "What is school without a Junior?" The Junior, who is the personification of wisdom, intelligence, and brilliance, lives on words like velocipedestrianisticality. We must also remember that many of our foremost citizens were Juniors at college. Theodore Roosevelt was a Junior at Harvard. President Taft was a Junior at Yale, and Daniel Webster was a Junior at Dartmouth. Why can a Junior be compared to the third principal part of a verb? Because he is perfect. But such a discussion is futile. Everyone acknowledges the intellectual and physical

superiority of the Juniors. The Freshmen are infants, Sophomore means wise fool, and Seniors are but has-beens, so only the Juniors remain to comfort the faculty. The following well known poem illustrates:

"Lives of Juniors all remind us
That they bunco who they may,
And departing, leave behind them
All they do not take away.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
Every one we find to do;
Still declaring, always swearing,
Juniors are the chosen few."
F. STIRLING WILSON.

The Pride of the Seniors

There comes a time in the life of man when he can defend himself by giving others his opinion of himself. We are taking this opportunity for so doing, hoping its contents will be advantageously used by the undergraduates in their remaining years at school.

Of all graduating classes of Eastern, I can rightfully say that the class of 1910 is without an equal and always will be. It has attained such a degree of excellence in all its pursuits, that learned men have taken it as an example in disciplining the younger generation. Its superiority over the other classes is undoubted, and, indeed, many of the wiser undergraduates have expressed hopes to be able to fill the vacancy as competently as we have filled that of the former class. Alas, their hopes are in vain, for it takes men of courage and mental ability to uphold the school as we have done, and in whom can they boast of such genii as Manning, Truitt or Kuhnel. The lower classes are so full of Smiths that their fates are sealed, for whoever heard of a bright Smith. The only one the graduating class ever had was so far behind his class, that instead of bringing disgrace to it he politely left school, and also many broken hearts. Why, boys, there's courage for you. Who in your classes would have done it? No one.

You all are so slow that before taking your reports home you ask a Senior for the way to make a fair report an excellent one. Why, the Junior boys are so slow that the girls took it upon themselves to give a dance in that class name, and, unlike their former dance, they made seventeen cents. Gravy is the fastest fellow in your class, but that's only because he's on the track team, trying to get rid of his freckles. If that isn't school spirit—going on the track team to get rid of his freckles! Well, Jim, you're all right, but, as for the rest of the undergraduates, it would take a microscope to find any school spirit in them. Their motto must be, "What's the use of paying when you can get in free?" Needless to say, they have lived up to it, and if their pas would have had to pay a fine every time one of the bunch climbed over the fence at the ball games, many families would now be leading the simple life, and sending their children to school on charity.

I will confess that the lower class boys are more captivating with the girls than the Seniors, but it is beneath their dignity to attain that honor, in the manner by which the others have attained it. Maybe it's because everybody's mother hasn't such beautiful shoes as Payne wore, that others don't wear them, but

they have succeeded in at least getting the brightest socks purchasable on Seventh Street. Nevertheless, I have heard many girls say that "when the 1910 class leaves, then leave I." Speaking of girls, who of the "lesser educated" ones can boast of having served their classes in such a manner as have Luella, Ethel and Genevieve; and did you ever stop to think how much the company's success depends on Ethel? A mere girl influencing such a bunch of "fellers," using as her means—Herb. Is there a girl in school who couldn't just—give him all the ice cream, cakes and candies he could eat. That isn't what I was going to say, but then you know he looks over all this before it goes to press and would cut out anything that would be liable to

make him blush. But then you know Babcock's one of the most congenial, generous and hospitable fellows over at Eastern, and even when he lost his voice he took the trouble to write what he wanted to say. That takes energy, and what boy in the lower classes would do it?

I might go on giving you examples of what you ought to do and what you ought to be, but you don't impress me as a bunch capable of taking advantage of it, so what's the use? I only hope that some day the responsibility of filling our vacancy will lead you to discard your old manner of doing things, and for your's and the school's sake, to adopt ours.

MELVIN F. FISCHER, '10.

A Senior's Musings

When I became an Easternite,
I longed with such a queer delight
To be a Senior.

The Seniors of that day to me,
Real men and women seemed to be,
To me, a Freshman.

A look of scorn from one of these,
A sign of greatness meant to tease,
A little Freshman.

And when I reached my second year,
To see a Senior filled me with fear,
A Sophomore.

My longing seemed a point to gain,
That over Freshmen now could reign,
The Sophomore.

And thus through work and ungained
fame,
I climbed the third round and became
A learned Junior.

The Seniors then appeared to be
No more than human souls to me.
Conceited Junior.

Though some respect to them was due,
(For much they learned and still more
knew)
From me, a Junior.

Three years have passed since first I
came
To share with others, Eastern's fame—
I am a Senior.

From here and there and everywhere
Are duties sweeping through the air,
For me, a Senior.

Upon my shoulders all I take,
Sealing with a haughty shake,
Of a lofty Senior.

* * * * *

How different is the longing dream
Than actual seniorhood does seem!
But who of us would willing be
To turn the years a minus three,
And once more be a Freshman?
PEARL A. SHREVE, '7B.

MILITARY NOTES



The stage of the raw recruit has passed. The cadet organization is slowly rounding into that state of excellence which characterizes the name of the Washington High School Cadets throughout the country. The very fact that our regiment has such a reputation makes it imperative that each cadet, whether colonel, captain or private, should exercise the greatest care lest any indiscretion on his part may cast reflection on his fellow cadets. Although it may appear trivial in itself to see a cadet walking down the street with his hat on the back of his head, consideration of the fact that a West Point cadet, the acknowledged model of the Washington High School cadet, would not commit such an offense, should prompt a fellow to refrain from such an action. If the High School cadets are to be still superior to other military organizations of their kind, can we afford to commit such breaches of discipline and thus expose ourselves to criticism? It is the duty of every cadet to pride and respect that uniform, which fellows like Linthicum, Librand and Barnes saw fit to revere.

Discipline, that quality without which an army is like a ship without a rudder, again demands our attention. Steadi-

ness, that requisite of every winning company, is not as strongly noticeable in some of our companies as it might be. The tendency of some cadets to giggle and grin over nothing must be suppressed if a company has those treasured ribbons as its goal. The twiddling of one's fingers may not seem important enough for an officer's correction according to the private's point of view, but the judge on the drill field deems it worthy of his attention. The statue-like set-up, the unruffled steadiness and the famous discipline of the West Pointer, should be always kept in mind.

When a company has discipline, the excellence of the drill is immediately evident. Conformity to discipline leaves the attention for consideration of the details of the drill. The arm swing, the length of the step, the cadence, the position of the eyes, the angle of the piece and numerous other matters of detail suffer neglect unless the attention of the cadet is properly concentrated. More than half of the cadets do not know the difference in length between full step, half step, side step and back step due to lack of attention to drill caused by laxity of discipline. If anyone would care to learn these details, the Infantry Drill Regula-

tions of the United States Army might prove an interesting little volume. Attention to detail is of paramount importance.

The order for issuing the new style rifle to military academies and schools has been rescinded by the War Department. This new rifle, which the regular army is employing, is a very valuable firearm. The cadets were greatly disappointed when it was discovered that the supply of rifles was not sufficient to carry out the order. No hardship is entailed, however, as the style rifle at present used by the cadets is a capable weapon employed by the United States Marine Corps.

Company F is at present progressing very favorably and the other companies feel that they have a very worthy rival in our Eastern organization. The necessity of indoor drills caused by unfavorable weather should and has to a great extent called forth the best efforts of the boys. Individual competitive drills, an annual feature of the season's work, have marked several recent drill days. In the first of these events on December 9, 1909, Cadets Lowe, Hawley, Smith and Keith finished in the order named; in the second, on December 13, 1909, Cadets Whitman, Manning and Beck, while in the third, on January 3, 1910, Cadets Baldwin, Taylor and Weaver were successful in the order named. All these boys should be congratulated on their work and urged to greater efforts. The quality of these drills has been such as to warrant the praise of several of the regimental officers. It is important that each cadet do his part because, as has been mentioned before, the finest captain in the world cannot win the drill without every man in the ranks really earning his red ribbon.

Several changes in the personnel of the regiment have occurred since our last edition. Cadets Newbold and Spillman have been appointed first lieutenants and assigned as adjutant and quartermaster, respectively, on the staff of the Major

of the First Battalion. Of more interest to Easterners will be the commissioning of Cadet Roper as first lieutenant, and his assignment to the vacancy in the quartermastership on the staff of the Major of the Second Battalion. To fill the vacancy made by the promotion of Cadet Roper, James Defandorf has been made First Sergeant of Company F. The other sergeants now are: Second, Fred Sanderson; Third, William Frost; Fourth, Stirling Wilson; Fifth, Raymond Simpson. Peyton Torbert was made corporal to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Cadet Simpson. All these young men deserve the heartiest congratulations.

That the faculty and the school are supporting Company F was evidenced on the evening of Friday, December 17. Due to the kind interest of members of the faculty and some of the boys and girls, an inviting repast followed a vaudeville program, featured by several novel numbers. The boys also had the pleasure of hearing remarks suitable to the occasion from Dr. Small, ex-Captain Ransom and Cadet Weaver, to whom the medal was awarded for being the best drilled cadet, to be held for a definite period. Cadet Weaver deserves great credit for his achievement. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Beside the officers and cadets of the Eastern School, Colonel Schreiber, of the Regimental Staff, and Captain Covell, of Company A, were present. The heartiest thanks are extended to the faculty and the school.

The annual dance, given under the auspices of the Regimental Staff, was held on Thursday, December 30, during the Christmas holidays. The ball room of the Arlington Hotel was the scene of this most important social affair of the school year and the brilliant scene presented is one that will long be remembered. The Regimental dance of the year 1909-10 was a distinct success, both socially and financially.

The annual dance given by the officers of Company F will be held at Mrs. Dyer's, 1517 R Street, Northwest, Friday, February 11.

The medal for the best drilled cadet, to be held for a period of three weeks, was awarded to Cadet Taylor.

Sorrows of a Soldier

It was a handsome Senior,
Who stopped me on the street;
I was quite proud to talk to him,
He looked so very neat.

But, though he wore a martial air,
I knew he was in woe,
And, giving me his confidence,
He said in accents low:

"I do not mind the drilling;
I love the uniform;
The girls all think its killing;
I take their hearts by storm.

"But while I drill the company,
Though I receive respect,
As soon as they're dismissed from ranks,
They start this song direct:

"'Oh, it's stand erect upon your feet,
And face the proper way;
I'll teach ye how to soldier,
If I keep you here all day.'"

I gave him of my sympathy;
His frown became a smile;
He tipped his hat and left me
In true military style.

And while it may be simply pride
That makes it so appear,
I feel that Eastern's company
Is far the best this year.

To our Captain of Company F, 1909-10.

UNDINE BABCOCK, 3C.

Johnny—Paw, what is the rest of the
quotation, "Truth is mighty"?
Father—Scarce, I reckon.

The Perfidy of Dr. Cook

And so, upon a summer day,
Did come a Doctor Cook and say,
That he had found what men had sought,
The Pole, where only cold was caught.

And straightway all the world did praise
The man, who did so boldly raise
Our flag, and fling it to the breeze,
At this, the top of earth and seas.

And then, upon another day,
So close as quite to take away
One's breath, Lieutenant Peary came,
The same discovery to claim.

It was as if into a crowd
A bomb were thrown, so fast and loud
The tumult rose. And not a soul
But asked which man had reached the
goal.

And then, from Copenhagen came
Reports, which made Cook hide with
shame;

For never since the world began
Had such a fraud been known to man.
W. J. MENGERT, 3B

Ye sing of the days of heroes,
When vikings ploughed the main;
Of pirates bold in Southern seas—
But ye utter these songs in vain.

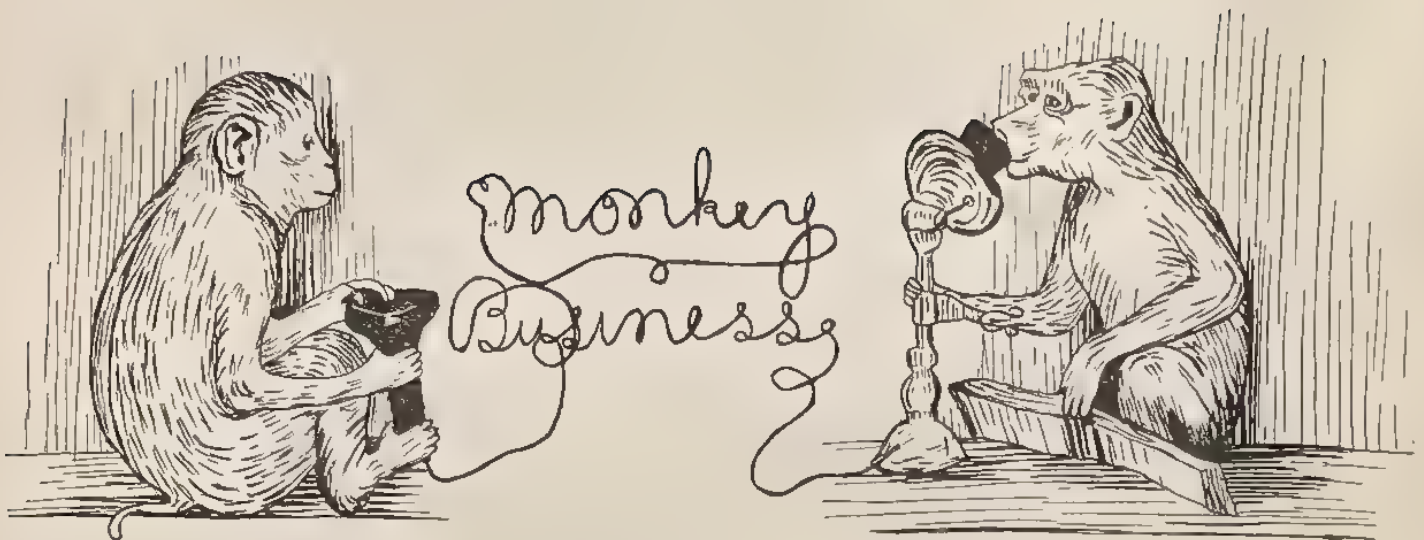
For they're gone and past recalling,
And the present holds full sway;
And songs of a daring poleward dash
Ring in our ears to-day.

Into the frigid arctic zone;
Into the cold 'neath Northern Lights,
Braving the things that strong men dread
Through those silent eternal nights.

Doomed by self to this arduous search,
Friend to none but the polar bear
And midget men of alien race,
These are the things explorers dare.

All honor, then, to these brave men;
The zenith rend with your praise,
For they have dared and they have won,
So sing not your ancient lays.

W. BABCOCK, 3C.



Locals

D—lightful.

Oh, I-s-a-a-c!

Gee! but the boys certainly are complaining of the vacant feeling in their pockets.

Chop Suey, please.

Fine seats for next Saturday's matinee.

Some one said, "Ed is short, but sweet." Oh, you Dot!

Many boys were disappointed in the bazaar given by the new Ingram Memorial Church, on account of the absence of "pie" at the candy counter.

Harrison has started a barber shop with Babcock as his first customer.

Harrison got an E—in football.

Warde said that on account of the crowded condition of the Martha Washington candy store on Christmas Eve, he saved one dollar.

Abstract from social news: "Among those in the box party were four Eastern Seniors, whose appearance after the matinee in one of Washington's finest Chinese restaurants, made it necessary to call out an extra detail of policemen to keep back the eager crowd. Their return home was uneventful, except for the unexpected presence, in the car, of

one of the member's brothers, who caused the other gentlemen much annoyance by casting admiring glances at his beautiful companion." And father doesn't know it yet.

Leland—What is the most narrow thing in the world—next to a girl?

Parker—Me—next to a girl.

Mr. Padgett—I wish my hair was as beautiful as yours, Miss Tegeler.

Weaver, at the company feed, said: "I am just as much pleased at receiving this medal as if I didn't receive it." Of course he didn't mean it.

Unger, Herbert, and Leland have been absent quite awhile on their sick leave.

Defendorf—"In these holes are mouses." Who's the girl, Gravy?

Cliff was stung quite frequently during the holidays with such excuses as the following: "I can't go. Mother says I'll have to stay home to-day." "I'd rather go to Chase's" and "George is coming to dinner."

Fred and Mel Sanderson spent their holidays in the country to escape the tiresome effect of too much social life.

Royall became very indignant at the allusions to the South in the "Hookworm" speech, and spent a whole Saturday morning in discussing the subject

with Mr. Wallis. He was finally convinced of its truthfulness after a hard lost debate.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

Cliff—Did the monkey look human?

Mel—No; but he looked something like you.

I suppose the presence of "Cash" in the physical laboratory accounts for its overcrowding by the boys, just after the holidays.

In a recent debate some one argued that football should not be abolished, because 4 per cent of the deaths in the United States were by suicide.

When Dr. Spanhoofd asked who was the English scholar of the room, Miss McKnight was seen to raise her hand.

"I love an Ache, but oh you Payne!"
Said by Toothie. Say, fellows, did you catch on the blue (persuade) shoes Payne wore to school one day?

Ben Smith (translating Latin):
"Meanwhile the Gauls, being recovered from their flight, came into the middle of the night."

Sales: "The next man at the bat knocked the ball over first baseman's head into the hands of the shortstop."

Fitzhugh: "The course of true love never runs smooth."

Miss Southworth (entering study hall) was accosted several times in this manner: "Where is your nurse?"

Miss Clark—Miss McAllister, will you please describe the castle of Torquilstone?"

Miss McAllister—Oh, it was a great big place.

The other day a young and ignorant "Fresby" was overheard to ask whether Dieserud was the editor of THE EASTERNER.

All of Hamill's brightness is in the color of his socks.

To Parker

We have accidental insurance Co.'s
That pay for many a harm;
That come to mortals—broken toes,
Broken legs and broken arms;
But won't it make the money go
When clever cupid starts
An accidental insurance Co.
To pay for broken hearts?

OSMAN VARELA.

Verses Found on the Christmas Tree

I weigh two hundred; my name is
Blanche;
I lead all the boys a merry dance.
Among my admirers, there's Clifford, I
know;
I always remember him as my hero.

One night, on a straw ride, I decided
to go.
Alas and alack, how could I know
That the horses would tire, the wagon
break down.
And that banks and ditches were lying
around.

It was so dark we could not see—
Not a bush, or a hand, or an arm, or a
tree.
I fell down a bank (you may laugh if
you care),
But Clifford was there to do or to dare.

He rushed to the rescue, my hero, so
brave.
Crying out loudly, "I'm coming to save!"
Down the hill swiftly, and, then, in his
arms,
He carried me up, away from all harms.

When we came to the top, there were
not any sounds;
All wondered how *he* carried two hun-
dred pounds.
But no longer I sigh for the heroes of
old;
No one, I am sure, could be more bold.

Miss McCray: "Oh! my Lord."

Lehman: "Was St. Peter's in Rome copied after our Capitol building?" Certainly it was; are you just waking up?

Miss Tegeler: "Where is the Alhambra?" Ask one of the boys.

Miss Davis (translating): "Wir konnten durch das Fenster sehen." "We can sit on the fence." With whom?

Can't some one propose a new game for Foster? He was seen kicking blocks of wood around his back yard and wearing out his shoes.

When Unger failed to hand in an examination paper, Mr. Wallis said he would at least like to have the name of a future aviator, for he thought Unger would some time be an angel.

Miss Shelp—What is the axiom?

Miss Bare—Equals by equals, equals equals.

Herr Schwartz (in French): "Am I seated on a pebble?" Some one suggests a mountain.

Mr. Flemer (in history): "Caesar did not have a swell head, and when his men did not obey he didn't kick them out." Quite undignified.

Before Miss Freeman gave her excellent talk upon the subject "Hookworms," a number of Sophomores were discussing what the drawing on the blackboard probably represented. Many suggestions were given, among which were the following:

"It's a battering ram," said one.

"It's a sea serpent," chimed in another.

"What are you giving us; it's a torpedo boat," came from a third.

The discussion was settled when some one said it was a boomerang.

Miss Evans' pronunciation of the Latin "vigil" coincides somewhat with the English "wiggie."

Gibson (reading Latin): "Can you hear their silence?"

Miss Blanchard—Shylock was a tall, thin old man; very short and stooped.

What they got from Santa Claus

The school—New lockers.

Dr. Small—A new vest.

Dr. Rothermel—A spouse.

Miss Styron—One rat and four puffs.

Leland—A lengthened holiday.

Mr. Schwartz—A raise.

C. Whitney—Stung.

Sanderson—Four aces.

Harrison—An introduction to Miss

Miss Shreve—Poet laureate of Alexandria.

Royall—Longer.

Babcock—Out of making a speech at the feed.

Kuhnel—One case of Pilsen.

Hamill—There in thirty minutes.

Parker—The last car.

Fitty—Stung, also.

Miss Ellis—A reader (Reeder).

Miss Frizzell—A horse.

Miss Birtwell—What did a seller of relics sell?

Miss Russel—Relics.

Daly, 5A—I didn't catch that?

Mr. Wallis—You'll catch it in a minute, all right.

Freshman: "I don't know where they went, but wherever it was they went there."

Crews: "Add idiotic acid to the solution."

Mr. Wallis: "Unger, if your system had absorbed sufficient nourishment during the lunch hour, your lower maxillary would have been——" (At this point Unger's cerebellum was soothed into insensibility by the aforesaid euphonious articulation.

Mr. Wallis—Is the earth a sphere?

Gravy—Not yet, but almost.

Mr. Wallis—What is half of a sphere?

Frost—Semicircle.

Mr. Wallis—Guess again.

Frost—Semi-sphere.

Miss Birtwell—I don't think Chancer puts the Nun in the right place. Where should she be?"

Miss Truitt—Home.

Mr. Padgett—Northrup, have you been sick the last two days?

Northrup—I was sick in bed, but I was out.

Crews—Somebody's a crook. My platinum wire is gone."

Mr. Suter—I took it.

Gravy: "How many people were there, who didn't come?"

A pretty girl,
A glorious whirl,
(A cross twixt walk and prance);
A winning smile,
A cunning wile;
This constitutes a dance.

In bed at one,
No lessons done;
In class we feel "just punk."
Our bluffs fall through;
"See me at two!"
This constitutes a flunk.

WOODFIELD.

The Sophomore

There was a wise young Sophomore,
Who frayed and wore his brain,
To make a mark in English class,
He worked with might and main.

His thoughts refused to range themselves
In English ballad form;
He lost his sleep; he lost his health,
And caused much grave alarm.

Oh, it's sing a song of aeroplane,
Of Cook and Peary, too;
Or white about the big canal
That soon will be cut thro.

Or let some new invention
Take honor from your pen;
Tell of Zelaya's troubles
And our Uncle's fighting men.

At last he found the keynote;
He thinks and eats in rhyme;
Can write a ballad for you
Offhand most any time.

Comments on Last Issues Locals

"I'm going to pull your hair, for no one ever called me that."—F. Kubel.

"Now the girls will think I smoke."—Gravy.

"I think you're too fresh, and I'm never going to speak to you again."—M. Tegeler.

"I wonder what Dot thinks."—Ed.

"I didn't say anything of the sort."—Kuhnel.

"Gee, they're punk."—School.

"Don't put anything in on us."—Hamill.

"He must never have read Wooley."—Teachers.

"They certainly were fine."—Nobody.

"Who said I wanted anybody to call me dearie?"—Elsie.

But while he's quite a rhymor,
For naught else is he fit;
For all his thoughts come tumbling forth
And school he had to quit.

And, so, my husky Freshies,
If happy you would be,
Contrive to skip the coming year,
Of making poetree.

UNDINE BABCOCK, C3.

Student (in study hall)—Beg pardon, is this seat engaged.

Fourth Year Girl—No, and I don't mind stating that I'm not, either.

Sunday School Teacher—What lessons do we learn from the busy bee?

Pupil—Not to get stung.

Fond Mother—How is it you flunked if you're the smartest boy in your class?

Dutiful Son—Well, you see, the teacher has'nt found it out yet, mother.



Now that the usual routine of study has been established, and the football season is over, we can turn our steps toward drill hall on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, and our thoughts on "Girls' Athletics."

It is very doubtful as to whether we can have any inter-high school games this season, but we do intend to have a first team. We hope to have such a team with its captain before a very great time elapses. Although a great many of our best basketball girls graduated last year, we still have excellent material for a good strong, winning first team, and it is up to the girls to come to practice and work hard for the team.

Tuesday, January 4, we had a very exciting game. Although there weren't quite enough girls for two teams, we evened up the sides and played two long halves.

Most of the credit was due to the undergraduates, who worked well against their strong opponents. Credit is also due Miss Gude and Miss Schmaling, who, although not in basketball last year, have come out this year and have shown a superior knowledge of the game. The girls who participated in the game were Mabel Jones, Dorothy Davidson, Ethel Hall, Esther Gude, Mildred Schmaling, Misses Wells, Crooke, Boteler, Mansuy and Tegeler. We all enjoyed the game, even if we did have to call upon the second year girls for help in swelling our numbers so that we were able to play.

There is surely one thing to be said

to the Senior girls, and that is, "Step up and work hard or the undergraduates will step in and take your places on the big team."

On Wednesday, January 5, the "Gold Dust Twins" of the first year, and the "Nine O'Clock Washing Team" of the second year, played a very exciting game of basketball. The second year played extremely well and the first year showed great earnestness throughout the game. The final score was 44 to 9, in favor of the "Nine O'Clock Washing Team." The line-up for the game was as follows:

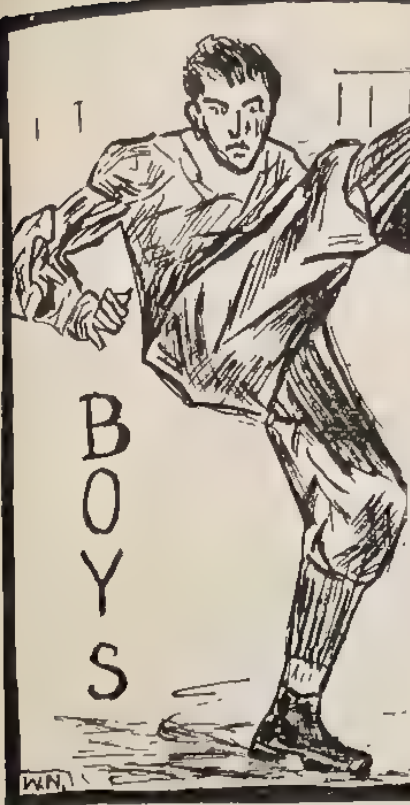
FIRST HALF.

"G. D. T."	"N. O'C. W. T."
Boteler	C..... Crooke
Southworth,	Leet,
Watkins	S. C..... Nalley
Kalbfus,	Earnshaw,
Graves	G..... Hastings
Rice,	McGarraghy,
Tate	G..... Taylor

SECOND HALF.

Boteler	C..... Crooke
Earnshaw,	Leet,
Wells	S. C..... Newman
Mansuy,	Nally,
Koontz	G..... Hastings
Rice,	Crooke,
Davis	G..... Taylor

No one can work without encouragement and support and surely this is not much to ask of those who are filled with a desire to see old Eastern once more a leader in the athletic field. So work, girls, and work hard to make dear old Eastern what it should be.



The mid-winter period, bringing with it basketball and track, is now fully here. Also to many it is a period of reaction from past endeavors, and should be to all, one of preparation for coming sports. The basketball squad is working regularly, with Captain Varela and Manager Hamill as able leaders. The first team has played two games so far, and though both contests were lost, a very creditable showing was made, considering the relative strength of the opposing teams. The second team has not as yet played any outside games, but has several scheduled for the immediate future.



As yet track has not been taken hold of in the way in which it should be. Defandorf, '11, was recently elected captain, but no call for candidates has been issued up to date. There is no possible reason why we should not organize a track team capable of coming up to the good records which Eastern track teams have always made in the past. We may not set the Potomac on fire by our feats, but we can make Eastern stand for clean athletics and thorough gameness, and to do so "it's up to you."

The way in which the football season ended is common property to all now, and, therefore, needs no recounting here. The future of football is at present very uncertain. Nothing is surer than that football, as now played, will be abolished in the high schools, but it is absurd to imagine that it will be abolished entirely. Doubtless it will be considerably changed by next season, and indeed may be completely revolutionized, but it has taken too great a hold among American sports ever to be completely abandoned. No

game in America ever held such a prominent place in the athletic world, unless we mention baseball, as football does. Especially true is this in regard to Washington High School athletics. If football is ever abolished here, there must be a sport ready to take its place capable of arousing as much interest and enthusiasm as its predecessor, a thing which would be rather difficult to bring about. Here at Eastern, though suffering greatly through graduation and woefully wanting in material, a team was organized and struggled bravely along, spurred on by the fascination and interest of the game. When the schedule was called off, we had one more game to play, that with Central. At this time, we were still further weakened by losing some of our best players through injuries and parental objection, and prospects for winning the game were not bright. Therefore, not many on the team sorrowed when the remaining games were canceled. Soon after, the athletic council, a new idea at Eastern,

selected the men, who in their opinion, had earned their E's. Just here a word of explanation in regard to the athletic council would not go amiss. The council is composed of ten members, including the chairman, five being selected from the faculty, and five from the student body. From the faculty Miss Wilkins, Miss Grosvenor, Mr. Wallis, Dr. Spanhoofd, and Mr. Van Vleck have been chosen, and from the student body, Miss Hall, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Hamill from the fourth year, and Miss Walker and Mr. Fred Sanderson from the third year. Dr. Small has the right of veto, and no motion can be passed over his veto. The members serve for one year, and meetings are called by the chairman. This method of school government is an innovation at Eastern, and in order to be successful must be supported by the entire school.

The men who were selected by the council to wear the school letter were as follows:

	1910.	
Babcock,		Harrison,
	Nottingham.	
	1911.	
Defandorf,		Guy,
Donn,		Wilson.
	1912.	
Weaver,		H. Smith.

No captain for next year's team has been elected, and the election will probably be delayed till June, when the marks go in.

It is none too early to begin talking and planning for the coming baseball season, and as Manager Fischer is already arranging an attractive schedule, we should all prepare to play that schedule the best we know how. After a captain is elected in February, indoor practice will commence in the gym, for the batteries especially. If any fellow thinks he knows anything about pitching or catching, let him come out and try. As last year's battery is missing, these positions will be open, besides third base and one of the outfield positions. There are experienced men to fill all other posi-

tions, but there is plenty of chance for better men to displace them. Of last year's team the following men are in school: Parker, catcher and third base; Leland, first base; Ligon, second base; Varela, shortstop; Babcock, Defandorf, and Whitney, outfielders, and Whitney, pitcher. There are several other men who have already announced their intention of trying for the team, namely, Reeder, Payne, Fischer, Harrison, Nottingham, Royall, Fitzhugh, Murray, McCaffrey, and there will be others to come. Let us live up to the prospects.

The following are the basketball games played up to date. December 15, in a hard-fought game, Eastern lost to the Georgetown Preps in the home gym, by the score of 43 to 13. The game was not so one-sided as the score indicates, many fine plays bringing cheers from the rooters. For the Preps, Trumbell, Lochl and Waldron starred, while for Eastern, Varela played the premier game. The line-up:

PREPS.	EASTERN.
Lochl L. F.	Ligon
Trumbell, Lane. . . R. F.	Varela
Murphy (Capt.) . . . C.	Whitney
Heiskell L. G.	Fitzhugh
Waldon, McGee. . . R. G.	McCaffrey

Referee—Dodd. Timer—Leland. Goals from field—Trumbell (6), Lane (1), Lochl (5), Murphy (1), Waldron (6), McGee (1), Heiskell (1), Varela (4), Whitney (2). Goals from foul—Varela (1), Murphy (1). Time of halves—15 minutes.

December 21.—In the Quaker gym the Friends Select School defeated the Eastern basketball team by the score of 52 to 23. The game was very fast, but Eastern was hampered by the small size of the hall, with which they were unfamiliar, and their team work was in consequence considerably off. The distinguishing feature was the goal shooting of Walker, for Friends, while Whitney displayed the best article of ball for the losers. The line-up was the same as the previous game.

Alumni

A meeting of the Alumni Association of the Eastern High School was held December 29, at the school. The first part of the evening was purely social; next came a business meeting in the assembly hall. The report of the executive committee was read; the constitution which the executive committee had prepared was also read and adopted. In accordance with a motion made by one of the members, Dr. Small reappointed the members of the former committee—Mr. Church, 1894, president; Mr. Embrey, 1898, secretary and treasurer, and the other members of the committee as follows: May Bradshaw, 1899; Elizabeth Birtwell, 1900, and Marguerite Weller, 1906. After the business meeting, supper was served in the drill hall. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing.

The committee this year will be able to leave some money in the treasury, owing to the number who responded to the invitation to join the association. It is hoped that next year many more members of the alumni will have a share in such an enjoyable evening.

CLASS OF 1907.

Benzler, Mabel L., is studying music under John Porter Lawrence.

Brown, Andrew H., is studying at the University of Michigan.

Donn, Anne E., is employed at the Public Library.

Eslin, Melville P., is studying dentistry at George Washington University.

Fawcett, Walton, is studying at Hamilton College, New York.

Hauke, Charles Royce, is taking the engineering course at Washington and Lee University.

Handy, J. Bruce, is employed in the Washington Navy Yard.

Johnston, Horace, is attending the George Washington University Law School.

McFarland, Walter R., is attending the Georgetown Law School.

Ofenstein, Clarence, is a student at

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Thompson, Russell S., is in Harvard.

CLASS OF 1906.

Bradburn, Adeline M., is employed in the Congressional Library.

Bryan, Samuel, is a senior at Leland Stanford University.

Bunyea, Hubert, is pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church, Atlantic City.

Covell, David R., is a student at George Washington.

Field, John, is a junior at Yale.

Griffith, David, is a senior at Worcester.

Herring, Oscar H., is a junior at Washington and Lee.

Hover, David L., is a senior at Columbia.

Leland, Florence, attended Bucknell for a while, and is now employed at the Capitol.

Miller, William C., is a junior at Yale.

Oldham, Edward A., is working for the Alton Manufacturing Company, New York.

Phelps, Earle, expects to graduate this year from the University of Illinois.

Priest, Daniel B., is a senior at Harvard. He is a member of the college chess team, which has just finished playing a series of games. These resulted in a tie between Harvard and Yale.

Pyles, A. Zane, is also a senior at Harvard. He is one of the editors of *The Harvard Crimson*.

Ranson, Leonard B., is a student at Washington and Lee.

Weller, Marguerite, is working at George Washington.

CLASS OF 1905.

Adams, Vera E., who graduated from George Washington last spring, is teaching in the Christian Science School in Buffalo.

Beller, Frederick F., is employed in the railway mail service.

Berry, James W., is studying law at George Washington University.

Burritt, Alice, is teaching domestic science in the public schools of Baltimore.

Deck, William H., is employed in the government service, and is also a music teacher.

Dunnington, Clyde C., is the District sales manager of the Monarch Typewriter Company.

Field, Eva. See marriage notice below.

Keep, Anabel and Harriet, are in Keepsville, South Dakota.

Lind, John E., received the degree of M. D. from George Washington University, 1909.

Pole, Samuel B., also received the degree of M. D. from George Washington University in 1909.

CLASS OF 1904.

Barbour, Grace E., is employed in the Congressional Library.

Cilley, Alice B., is teaching stenography in the Temple School.

Cochran, Ruth G., is teaching at Grafton Hall, Frontinac, Wyoming.

Demarest, Olive A., is teaching music.

Emory, Lee B., is employed in the Congressional Library.

Gilchrist, Grace G., is studying music.

Helton, Roy A., is teaching in one of the high schools in Philadelphia.

Hynson, Richard W., is employed in the American Security and Trust Company.

MacMullen, Edgarda M., is teaching in Bradford, Pennsylvania.

Marsh, Allen J., is teaching chemistry in the Technical High School.

Mitscher, Zoe A., is studying music in Oklahoma City.

Smith, Mabel (Mrs. Charles Sanderson), is on her way home from the Philippines, where her husband, Captain Sanderson, is stationed.

NOTICES.

Frank A. Turner, 1903, enlisted several years ago in Cavalry Troop L, Second U. S. Cavalry, and by his brilliant work has risen through the various grades, until now he has been commis-

sioned second lieutenant of field artillery. He saw service with his troop in the Philippines, and for the last two years has been stationed in the West.

Mrs. Herbert Solyom de Antonfa (Stella Barbour, 1902), is spending the winter in Washington. Her home is in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.

MARRIAGES.

Hamblin—Field. January 4, 1910, in Washington, D. C., Mr. Clyde M. Hamblin and Miss Eva C. Field, 1905.

Exchanges

Since our last issue went to press we are very glad to acknowledge the receipt of many new exchanges. We wish to commend them all on their good work and hope they will improve with every issue.

The football story in the December *Bowen Blade* is very interesting and well written. The whole paper is well edited.

The Central High School *Review* is the best illustrated paper we receive.

The *Occident* should be congratulated on its illustrations; they are exceedingly well drawn.

The cover design of *The Russ* is simple, but very attractive.

The following is the story of David and Goliath, as told by Billy Sunday, the American evangelist, to a rapt congregation of 8,000, with appropriate gestures:

So David's pa comes up to where he was working in the field, and says, "Dave, better go up to the house. Your ma's worried about the other boys fighting in the army, and she'd like you to look them up."

So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front, and stays with his brothers over night. In the morning Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines, and dares the Israelites to fight him.

"Who's that big stiff out there makin' all the big talk?" asks Dave.

"Why, that's the head cheese, the big noise," says his brothers.

"Why don't somebody soak him one?" asks Dave.

"We've all got cold feet," says the Israelites.

"Aw, you fellows make me tired," says Dave. So he hikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd sack, slams one at Goliath, and hits him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block, and the whole Philistine gang skidoed.—*Tit-Bits* (English paper).

New Rules for Football

I seized her little hand in mine
And got an awful scolding,
For it seems in my excitement,
I'd been "penalized for holding."

I stole ten kisses, more or less—
I guess t'was chiefly more,
For since I had begun the game
I'd have to make the "score."

The chaperon was watching me,
And was prepared "to kick."
But it turned to be a "fake,"
For I was just too quick.

The nature of the game demands,
Of course, a set of rules;
But they are only worrisome
To imbeciles and fools.

Plausible—One of our art students
has figured it out how the Venus de
Milo came to lose her arms.

She states that our ancient friend
broke them off trying to button her prin-
cess up the back.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet;
'Twas there he first fell in debt,
For Rome-o'd, what Jule-et.

"Muzzer, do gooseberries have legs?"

"No, my daughter."

"Well, then, I reckon I've swallowed
a caterpillar."

Clothier—Were you pleased with the
overcoat which I sold you?

Customer—Oh, yes; all my boys have
worn it.

Clothier—Well, think of that.

Customer—I do. Every time after a
rain the smaller one has to take it.

Pat—an phwat the devil is a chapin
dish?

Mike—Oh! It's a frying pan that's
got into society.

A little argument from the Central
debate:

She—Don't hug me in public.

He—Why, the public allows freedom
of the press.

Mary had a little lamp;

It was well trained, no doubt,

For every time her lover came

The little lamp went out.

Butcher, spare that dog.

Touch not a single bow.

In youth he was a good old dog;

He shan't be sausage now.

F. W.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Peroxide makes the hair grow blonder;
Onions make the breath grow stronger.

Freshie (boastfully)—Sure, I've done
geometry.

Soph—Well, what is a six-sided fig-
ure called?

Freshie—Why, er—a dioxygen.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How do your tresses grow?
With a rat in front, and a switch behind,
And a dozen curls of the ready made
kind.

And ten little puffs in a row.

Pat's wife was dying, and, calling Pat
to her, she said: "Pat, I want yez to do
me a favor."

"And wot is thot," said Pat.

"I want yez to roide in the same car-
riage with yer mother-in-law."

Pat looked at his wife, with a sorrow-
ful smile and said: "Sure, yez spoilen
the happiest day of me loife."

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A PUZZLE.

The high school girls with their glossy
curls.

And cheeks of dainty pink,
As they mince along in a laughing throng
Look mighty nice, I think.



But I'd like to know how cheeks can
glow

Like rosebuds in a bunch,
On a daily fare of a stale eclair
And a macaroon for lunch.



(NOTE.—This does not apply to Harri-
son.)

He began to switch his tail,
"Well, I never," was his comment.
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

Blackistone



14th and H Streets, N. W.
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Miss Douglass: "How many times
can you use a nickel?"

Harrison got three sodas with one.

Now I lay me down to rest;
To study hard, I've tried my best.
If I should die before I wake,
I'd have no blamed test to take.

Teacher: "Now, children, the subject
is the story of the Prodigal Son. Can
anyone tell me who was glad when the
prodigal returned?"

"The father," was the response.

"And who was sorry?" asked the
teacher.

"The fatted calf," promptly responded
a little girl.

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thus help your magazine) by giving them
your patronage.

And don't forget to say: "I saw your "ad."
in THE EASTERNER.

A youth ther was wel versed in chemis-
trye;

It did one good whan in his compaignye,
To hear him joke and tellen storys
funny.

Wel off was he, his purs was ful of
money.

In sooth, I say, the girles thought him
handsome;

And on a waxed floor he could dance

some;

Blak was his heer, and crulle, too, I say.

Wel, should it be, he combed it al the
daye.

His eyen, too, were larg and verry blak;

In good appearance, nothing did him
lak.

In his bloo suit he made quite a hit.

Of him, I say, namo; no, not a bit.

C. EVANS, 5C.

Geo. F. Muth & Co.

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He stood on the bridge at mid-night,
Disturbing my sweet repose,
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my
nose.



Alice—Why did you marry the contortionist?

Grace—So I could wind him around
my little finger, of course.

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She—You would be a good dancer
only for two things.

He—What are they?

She—Your feet.

"Young Man," said the teacher as he
caught a Freshman by the shoulder, "I
believe Satan has hold of you."

"Yes," replied the student, "I'm well
aware of the fact."

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a joke,
"I've heard that thing before."



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Roll on, roll on, O lustrous hair;
Roll on your frames of steel;
Perhaps some luckless youth you'll
snare.
So look as if you're real.
(Apologies to Longfellow.)



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